

Daddy

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Summary: Kink prompt. The Urameshi team losing had been the worst day of Kurama's life.

Daddy

From The Kink Alphabet-Daddy (role play)-Karasu/Kurama, noncon

The Urameshi team losing had been the worst day of Kurama's life. He had found himself brought back to life under the rule of the Toguro team, trapped in his human body, unable to tap into the demon powers he had spent too long training. Slowly, he found himself eroding; his self esteem, his confidence, his trust in Koenma that after so long serving his probation, he would be saved. He still didn't know if Yusuke, Kazuma, or Hiei were even aliveâ€|

All he knew was that when someone came into the room, he became theirs; body, mind, soul. He became theirs because fighting back meant pain; horrible, crushing pain that left him contemplating suicide. The wounds to the flesh would heal, but the wounds to the soul were far less visible. And far more complicatedâ€|

"Kurama," Karasu needed only to speak and Kurama rolled off the bed, kneeling on the stone floor, limbs trembling. Emerald eyes were wide with fear, pale teeth biting into pink lips. He never knew what the Toguro team would want when they cameâ€|he never knew who he was expected to be.

"Hmâ€|" Karasu tipped his head, white lips curling into a smile, "Put this on."

Kurama caught the cloth immediately, holding it before his eyes. His teeth creaked as he ground them together, chest heaving as he contemplated the pros and cons of denying his master this requestâ€|

"Yes Master," he whispered. He slid the skirt up his freshly waxed legs, zipping it around his narrow waist. The shirt hung off him, the matching checkered tie hanging around his neck like a noose. His feet were bare, toenails still painted a light pink from previous nights with his psychotic captor.

"Do I?" he swallowed, looking down at his toes, "Do I look pretty, Daddy?" he swallowed the bile forming in his throat as he approached Karasu, wrapping his arms around the deceptively narrow form, "Does Daddy want to fuck me?"

"If you want to feel good," Karasu said smugly, "You should convince me. Otherwise, it might hurt."

Kurama shivered, smiling with empty eyes, straddling the crow's narrow waist, "Daddy, baby wants to be fucked," he whispered, licking a long, wet path along Karasu's throat, "Please, I'll be good to you."

Karasu's hand slipped beneath the lining of his skirt. Blushing, Kurama moved his legs, letting the white panties slide down over his bare feet, letting the air conditioning slide along his hardening cock and balls.

"Daddy," Kurama sobbed, clutching long, inky black hair, "Please, don't hurt me. Make me feel good?"

And Karasu called him a good boy, slicking those long fingers with lube. He stretched his baby's hole; one, two, three fingers wide. He let him feel every inch before burning him, burning his insides with the acid leaking from beneath his finger nails. And Kurama's screams were the sweetest things he'd ever heard. And even then;

Kurama would be there again tomorrow.

End  
file.